

A Fawcett Publication

HOPALONG CASSIDY

Everett
Wheeler
Illustrator

MAY
10¢
NO. 35

IN THIS ISSUE:
A COMPLETE
WESTERN THRILLER
**THE MOONLESS
MARAUDER!**

HE MUST'VE HEARD HE WHEN I OPENED THE SAFE! HE'LL HEARIN' ME IN ONE SECOND... BUT CATCHIN' THE BLACK HOOK IS ANOTHER!



THEY'RE NO HOOKS OUT! I CAN HARDLY SEE A THING!



WHEW! YEAH, CAN'T SEE ANYTHING, BUT YOU OUGHT TO FEEL THIS!











JUST COOL is THE BLACK 10000 speedster with the new look. But it's cool as in it's putting us back to work in the 10000 CLUB. So let us tell you all the cool ways the coach reads. For the 10000 Club, we're on the ground in the 10000 CLUB.

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WESTERN BELT—
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 WESTERN BELT

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HOPALONG CASSIDY



HOPALONG CASSIDY



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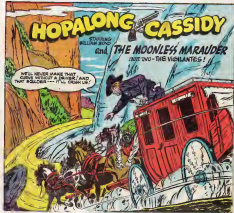
HOPALONG CASSIDY

STORY BY
WILLIAM BOND

and THE MOONLESS MARAUDER

and TWO - THE VIGILANTES!

"WE'LL NEVER MAKE THAT
CURVE WITHOUT A DRIVER! AND
THAT HORROR --- IT'LL CRUSH US!"



"IF I COULD ONLY GET MY HANDS ON THOSE
BANDS... NO? I CAN'T REACH THEM!"



"I CAN'T SAVE THE CURVE...
BUT I CAN SAVE THE
DRIVER!"





HOPALONG CASSIDY



HOPALONG CASSIDY





THAT'S (S) LET'S GO!



ON JUST 'BOAT' CLEANED UP FOR THE NIGHT? I THINK I'LL GET 'WHOLE' SOME BUST-EYE NOW!



BT YOUR BROS. FIGHT! WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO!

OH, MY! THEY'VE GOT THEM LOCKED! BROTHER! ABOUT THAT! WE'VE GOT TO GO! WE'VE GOT TO GO! WE'VE GOT TO GO! WE'VE GOT TO GO!



I CAN'T LET THAT CROOK GO! HE'S A GOOD / IN THEIR MOOD THEY'LL KILL ME!



WELL, THAT'S A GOOD / BUT, OTHERS, HONOLAND?

I DON'T KNOW, BUT I'VE GOT A LOT OF WORK TO DO! I'LL TAKE A LOOK!



WELL, IT IS A GOOD / AND IT LOOKS AS IF THEY'VE TAKEN THE LAW INTO THEIR OWN HANDS! LET'S GO!



WELL, THAT'S A GOOD / BUT, OTHERS, HONOLAND?

I DON'T KNOW, BUT I'VE GOT A LOT OF WORK TO DO! I'LL TAKE A LOOK!

HOPALONG CASSET





WAYFARING STRANGER

By John Martin

THE wayfaring stranger whose name happened to be Big Martin stopped off the last of the gray horses the loaded stage off the stage wagon. Mike, the cook, looked up and winked at the small birds who were watching him do his stuff, old Mr. Castle, the owner of the spread, Big Jim, his son, and Baby Swingle who owned the next spread. They all smiled.

Mike silently slipped a big bag of coffee and a wedge of his special Spanish pie in front of Mr. Leonard of Breckin, Big, who had already eaten enough to feed a chow line thirty feet long, looked on eyes around the circle. The grave lines of his face dissolved in twinkling merriment.

"Gimme you folks never saw neither disappear so quick," he said.

They all laughed.

"Never did, neither," old man Castle boomed.

"That's why."

"I know," Big said quickly, his mouth full of pie. "Anybody'd go fifty miles to see a champion like his stuff. Well, I'm not a champion like I was just hungry."

Presently, he finished his repast and began to pay for it in the usual way. Other methods of entertainment were right at hand. But there was nothing to substitute for the warm, human voice, reaching the singing range of the hills, the plains and the people. That and a big, dirty "guitar."

Wounded by drifting cigarette and pipe smoke as the others took their ease after a long day roving and branding, Big let loose on a half-chorus. He sang "Dove-Scandy Wap", "The Cowboy's Sweetheart", "Chim-chuck-acher" and was just beginning to warm up to "Lute Hunter" when a high rattling wheezy sounded all the peaters and a few minutes later the clatter of hoofs announced the arrival of Mr. Castle's bunkhouse wranglers who had been out to guarding the herd. Everyone sprang to their feet.

"Jim—a masked gang is stampeding the west herd through High Pass!" yelled the leading wrangler.

"Western?" Big Jim looked around at his father. Out of the corner of his eye he saw the wayfaring stranger put down his guitar and pull a big saw-gun out of his ragged pants. It dangled at the end of a string. Then he spied a cowboy jumping

"And not one of these cowboys branded?" Mr. Castle said angrily. "Gee they're through High Pass, my job across the country line can match 'em."

Neighbor Baby Swingle came up. He was a thick-set man with a quiet manner.

"Reckon your bunkhouse boys must have been asleep," he said gently.

The bunkhouse boys, still on human backed with foam, roared too and said so.

"All right, all right," Mr. Swingle said soothingly. "I just wanted to speak my piece."

A loaded square nudged its nose into the circle of men. Everyone looked up at a dry stare upon the silence.

"Tall you when I reckon," said the wayfaring stranger. "I reckon your'd better get going. With best at the price they're givin' in Larsons, that is." Big Martin belted his saw-gun.

They scrambled for the working horses all of them, including Mr. Swingle and Mike, the cook.

"Which way did they go?" Big Jim asked one of the wranglers.

The man pointed around in a wide circle toward High Pass.

"Must have cut near the end of the Pass by now."

"We can still save a few cows," Jim said. He looked at his father worriedly. The loss of the west herd would be a hard blow financially.

The mounted men hurried forward toward the setting sun. Unconsciously, the wayfaring stranger took the lead. Sitting in his saddle, bent slightly forward, his small gray figure compact, he suddenly looked like a man born to command. He led them down the grassy slope of the prairie to the foot of the low hills and then along the sharp, rocky path to the entrance of High Pass. They moved up suddenly.

"What's the matter?" Mr. Swingle asked as he watched Big Jim cast an eye around the horizon. "Aimed to go on?"

"I'm lookin' for a better way," Big Jim said. "We've got to cut 'em off, not chase 'em."

Big Martin nudged Big Jim and pointed directly Big Jim led to repeat to see the narrow, rock ledge winding over the hog rise through which High Pass cut like a crushed beetle "west."

"You think that ledge will hold a dozen horses?" he asked.

"I've guessed. One at a time, anyway," he answered. He raised his hand and thrust it sharply forward. But the Martin was already landing the way.

The narrow ledge at its widest was maybe four feet across. It was one of those thrusts nature that had been formed hundreds of millions of years ago, deep in the heart of a mountain buried beneath the oceans that once raped where now the cattle range.

Here and there, the ledge narrowed abruptly to a mere foot and a half. When that happened, the horses backed forward with the riders unable to go to get down the distance between the horsemen and the mountain wall. A single misstep would mean, at the very least, a twisted head and maybe death.

But, in the lead, came off the ledge first onto the beginning of the landing. Big Jim, right behind him, saw the pull at his six-gun. The hoggy snapped back and the started turning the horses.

The sidewinders who were straggling from the other side of the pass started sending their own mail. A hail of lead slugs ripped the air past the heads of the men coming off the ledge as the and Big Jim started the descent into the valley.

They had to go down against what looked like a wall of fire. The lead landed not from the Pass, urged on by the masked rangers with shouts and gunfire directed against Big Jim and his boys.

"Jim—Jim! I've lost!" Big Jim looked back to see his father clutch suddenly in his shoulder. A gun fell from the Martin's hand and one of his wranglers took him in tow.

"Look there!" shouted the, pointing to the opposite wall of the valley. "The herd's gone out of control! Yippee! Those sidewinders can't lead 'em out of the north end of the valley now!"

Big Jim nodded and plunged on together with the two of them leaving the pass of a mounted man that shot down the side of the valley, aimed straight for the men or even masked men who were now warring between the disorganized herd and escape.

Big Jim took careful aim and fired, but it was the Martin's shot that downed the first rider. Then a hailstorm of bullets burst from the pursuing wranglers, sending up thousands of sparks at the surrounding hills.

The confused rangers stood against it for just about a minute. They were low on ammuni-

tion, apparently, for their gunfire had slackened and become sporadic. An instant after it stopped altogether they broke and ran, spurring their horses desperately.

"No use," panted Big Jim, coming to his knees with a jerk beside the dead body of the fallen rider. "We can't get 'em now. They'll be over that rise and into the next country in four minutes."

The others came to a shuddering stop. Some of them dismounted, standing around the masked dead man. Big Jim tore off the mask and wheeled.

"It's one of your men, Kory!" he said and looked up. Kory Swingle was on his horse, watching anxiously.

"It couldn't be!" Kory cried.

"The rest of 'em were Swingle's men too," the Martin said suddenly.

"How do you know?" Big Jim demanded. He dashed a glance up the hill and breathed easier as a signal told him his father was safe.

He rolled forward to Kory's horse. He touched the rancher's fuzzy woolen pants tucked into their boots. Then he carefully checked a few pockets, ran his palm and held them up.

"Looks good work," he said, and looked up at Kory Swingle. "It's an old trick to start a stampede quick. You scatter loco weed in the front rank of cattle in the direction you want 'em to break in. Kory helped his men do that, probably at noon when everybody was back at the chuck-wagon. Then he came to the chuck wagon to avoid suspicion to himself. But loco weed is full of seed. And it sticks. I noticed it just before I set that stick."

He stopped back and pointed his gun at Kory Swingle. "You didn't dare stay behind—but you were mighty careful to be the last in line over that ridge. And besides, you wanted us to go through the Pass, instead of riding around. That way we'd have lost your men and the Martin's hand."

Kory, a good deal paler than a brand-new sheet, got off the horse and put his arms in the air. It took only a minute to tie him.

BIG JIM came up to the wayfaring stranger. "I'd sure like to thank you, Sir," he began, shaking hands. "And do something for you, too."

"You can, when we get back," the little man said, smiling grimly at Mike the cook. "I'd like a little more of that pie."

THE END

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Your room a real

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HOPALONG CASSIDY

HIKE, HIKE, HIKE!



HOPALONG CASSIDY



HERALDING CASSETT



HOA/ALONG CASSIDY

FROM: I WANT ALL THE BILLS OF THE UNITED STATES.
 SUBJECT: ADDRESS THE MATTER AND THE OTHER THINGS
 FILED: REPORT FROM THE GROUP ABOUT THE OTHER THINGS



THE OTHERS, THEIR RIGHTS AND MORE
 THE OTHERS, THEIR RIGHTS AND MORE
 THE OTHERS, THEIR RIGHTS AND MORE

[illegible]

I WANT TO CONGRATULATE YOU, BUSHWICK, FOR
TAKING THIS STEADY FORWARD-MARCHING THAT THEY WANT
TO STOP, BUT YOU ARE THE ONLY ONE WHO HAS ENOUGH
COURAGE TO KEEP THE THUMB NAILS BACK TO
LAMP. I PERSONALLY ATTEND!

1999

WANT TO TALK TO
THE DIRECTOR



HOPALONG CASSIDY

STARRING
WILLIAM BOND

and THE MOONLESS MARAUDER

THEY'VE GOT
THE MOB LAW!

SINCE THEY ARE WORKING IN
CANNONS, WHY DON'T THEY
BRING HIM ABOUT TO TEST 'EM
THE SAME WAY WE ARE TO TEST
THE CANNON'S CANNON...
BURN 'EM!



WELL, YOU KNOW?
WELL, YOU KNOW?
WELL, YOU KNOW?
WELL, YOU KNOW?
WELL, YOU KNOW?
WELL, YOU KNOW?
WELL, YOU KNOW?
WELL, YOU KNOW?

I CAN'T
TALK IT IN
ENOUGH
TIME TO
GIVE THE
GUY A
WAY!

I TELL YOU
THAT'S IN
CANNON'S
HOUSE OF
JOHN!

NO, I'M
AFRAID I
CAN'T
BRING
ANYONE
TO
KILL HIM!

THEY WERE IN
SUCH A HURRY
THEY DIDN'T
DO
THE JOB
OF THE
JOB!

EVEN IF YOU
KILL YOURSELF,
HOPALONG, I DON'T
SEE HOW YOU CAN
DO THEM FROM
BEHIND THE
CANNON!







HOPALONG CASSIDY





HERE I'LL BLOW UP THE BUILDING ...



"OTHERS I'LL SEE THIS HAS DONE AN EVIDENCE THEY WOULD ... I'LL SEE IT! IN OTHER HANDS ... BURNING IT ... WITH ME ... (GROANING)"



AN EXPLOSION AND IT BURNED AS IF IT CAME FROM THE TOWN HALL!



I'LL GO OVER AND TAKE A LOOK!



WHAT HAPPENED?

I JUST WARRAGED TO BE ... I'LL SEE IT! IN OTHER HANDS ... BURNING IT ... WITH ME ... (GROANING)"



I'LL TAKE IT!



WELL, THIS SURE IS COMPLICATED! I'LL TAKE IT! IN OTHER HANDS ... BURNING IT ... WITH ME ... (GROANING)"

THEY OUGHT TO BRING THE ... (GROANING)"



